

Traditional

"With My Swag On My Shoulder"

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Of how the folks in far Australia could pick up lumps of gold!

How gold dust lay in the streets and the miner's right was free!

"Hurrah!", I told my loving friends, "That's just the place for me!"

With my swag on my shoulder, black billy in my hand,
I travelled the bush of Australia like a true born Irishman.

We made our way into Geelong, then north to Ballarat,
Where some of us grew mighty thin, and some grew sleek and fat.

Some tried their luck at Bendigo and some at Fiery Creek;

I made my fortune in a day and spent it in a week!

With my swag on my shoulder, black billy in my hand,
I travelled the bush of Australia like a true born Irishman.

For many years I wandered round to each new field about,

And made and spent full many a pound till alluvial petered out.

And then for any job of work I was prepared to try,
But now I've found the tucker track, I'll stay there till I die.

With my swag on my shoulder, black billy in my hand,
I'll travel the bush of Australia like a true born Irishman.

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